This journal belongs to Elliot Rodger

3/31/2011

Here begins a new diary of my life. And what a complicated life I've lived! No one on this world has such a unique mindset as I have. My view of the world is so different from everyone else's. Why? Well, I'm sure many factors play into [redacted] it, but I know that the main reason for why I am the way I am is my past experiences. All the loneliness I've had to endure, all the rejection, the alienation, the exclusion! All that and more has made my life a struggle.

The struggle must be won; but in a good way, a positive way. I wish to love and be loved. I want to be accepted by society. I want girls to be attracted to me. So far, I've known only the opposite. So far, I am still frustrated and sad. I haven't given up hope though; there is still a little over a hundred days until I turn twenty. There is plenty of time. I need to make a great push of effort to achieve all my goals and desires, and trust that I am worthy of the opposite sex, despite my circumstances. Everyone who has insulted and slighted me in the past... I want

to prove them all wrong. I want to prove to them that I'm better than they are. They think I'm a loser, but I'm not! I will be a winner.

4/9/2011

Time is moving much too fast for my liking. It's already April, dammit! In the beginning of 2011 I resolved to do everything I can to change my life for the better before I turn twenty. Now, three months have passed and I haven't accomplished much. And this is causing me many episodes of anger and frustration which is only making my situation worse.

I'm still a virgin and an outcast, and if I keep at this pace I'll be in the same position even when I'm twenty years old. How sad is that?! I read online that boys are having sex at age thirteen. In fact, I've read about it many times. It's not fair! They are younger than me and have been loved and pleasured by girls, and here I am, almost twenty, lonely and unwanted. How do they do it? What do they have that I don't? It's like they were born with some sort of special ability. I hate them for it.

All these self-help books about positive thinking and the law of attraction don't seem to be helping either. I've tried all the tips they give me and I'm still miserable. Was I just born to fail?

Recently I've been trying to perfect my British accent, which I haven't spoken in for quite some time. I have two accents: American and British. I've grown used to speaking in my American accent as I've lived in California for almost fifteen years now, but I can still change it back to British if I try hard, I just need to get accustomed to it again. I hope that if I use my British accent more often I'll attract more attention from girls. I heard that American girls think British accents are sexy. We'll see.

4/13/2011

I hate my sister so much. All my life she's treated me as if I'm a loser. She has absolutely no respect for me. I'm her older brother and far more intelligent and yet she acts as if she is the older and smarter one. I try hard to be nice to her and get

along, but she just ruins it by insulting and provoking me day after day. It causes me to react with seething rage because I have so much built up anger inside me from all the rejection and mistreatment I've had to endure from society. My sister is an unsympathetic, heartless bitch.

4/14/2011

The release date for the new "Song of Ice and Fire" book, called A Dance with Dragons, by George RR. Martin, has finally been announced! I am very excited to read it. This fantasy series is my personal favorite.

It's to be released on July 12, which is dangerously close to my 20th birthday. On the book's website I found a countdown toward the day it will be released. This countdown is very significant to me. As the release date is so close to my 20th birthday, I'm treating this countdown as the countdown of my last days as a teenager. I made the website page my homepage so I can see the countdown every day. It fills me with so much dread every time I look at it. I realize how little time I have. As of right now

there's 89 days, 5 hours, 31 minutes, and 5 seconds until the book will be released on July 12. Once the countdown falls to zero, I'll only have 12 more days as a teenager, since my birthday is on the 24th. I really, really need to act fast and come up with a plan for a better life.

My life is so dismal. I feel so lost and alone. I have no friends, and girls don't want to have anything to do with me. They treat me like I'm a loser, an alien. I feel unwanted and worthless, and the pain only grows as time goes on. It is torture. I try every day not to panic.

4/15/2011

I've been doing a lot of practice writing lately. I have written a couple short stories and scenarios on my computer. I even showed one of them to my parents and they said I have real writing talent. That reassured me quite a bit. Perhaps this can be a career path for me. It could be my path to success!

I haven't forgotten about the epic story plan I came up with

almost a year ago. In fact, I've actually been giving it a lot of thought, and improved on it. I have two epic story ideas now which are quite similar to one another. I haven't really gotten around to writing about it yet. That's the issue. I've had too many doubts about myself and thus haven't taken positive action.

I just got back from the gym. I have been doing a lot of extensive working-out. My main focus from this is to look more attractive to girls. Maybe girls will actually show an interest in me if I make my body more muscular. I'm trying hard to get broader shoulders and develop six-pack abs. Everyone knows girls love abs.

I started working-out well over a year ago, though I stopped doing it that much when I [redacted] played World of Warcraft back in late 2010. Now I'm starting to really work on training my body again. I go to the gym every single day now, for the last three months. So far, disappointingly, my body hasn't been showing much improvement. This often frustrates me.

I went to my father's house for dinner yesterday and it was a nice experience. We talked about many things. I got to spend some time with my little brother, Jazz. He is growing very fast. He certainly is much bigger than I was when I was his age. He is quite a talker too, as well as very loud and feisty. It is a bit worrying. Perhaps it's just a phase.

4/19/2011

The new HBO series, Game of Thrones, was absolutely spectacular. I enjoyed every minute of it. I love how it accurately follows the story of the books. I can't wait to watch the next episode.

4/20/2011

I hate Moorpark College so much. I've been there for almost a year now and I still feel like an outsider every time I walk through that clean, concrete campus. I'm invisible there... a loser. I haven't made a single friend. Not only that, but I've barely had any conversations with people! Why don't these arrogant, exclusive young people want to talk to me?

Why don't these people ever try to initiate friendship with me? Why don't people accept me? Young people [redacted] are just arrogant, selfish, cold-hearted bullies.

I've been mistreated by other young people all throughout my teenage years, and now it's happening at Moorpark. When I walk to my classes I see other young people together in groups; I see other men talking with pretty girls; I see couples kissing and fondling each other. And I am all alone. Instead of accepting me and welcoming me, they give me this arrogant. "I'm better than you" look. They exclude me and look down upon me. How dare they!

4/21/2011

The fact that I have a sex drive, but unable to fulfill it, makes me feel so unnatural. I should be having sex, but I can't because girls don't want to have sex with me. They don't even consider me. It makes me feel so unwanted and worthless. I don't even feel human because of this. Every day I feel a deep surge of pain in the core of my being when I think about how

unwanted and undesired I am to the world.

4/29/2011

This past week I've been very depressed; the most debilitating depression of this year, in fact. I didn't get anything done. Nothing at all. I didn't even have the will to go to the gym to exercise. I spent a lot of time sitting in my room feeling sad and brooding over Addison Altendorf's horrible words. I am so ashamed; so much time wasted.

5/9/2011

It's already May. Oh, how fast time flies! There's only 63 days left on the countdown now. I'm doing a lot of intensive research on the law of attraction, trying to see if I can use this mysterious concept to make my life happy. I try to think positively, but it's such a struggle! Everyday I'm reminded of how lonely and unwanted I am.

5/10/2011

My semester at Moorpark College is almost at an end. There's only one

more week left. I need to study for a final exam that's coming up, but I just can't find the incentive. I've had a miserable time at this college, and that affects how much effort I put into studying for these damn classes. I want to do my best and get good grades; the problem is that my sadness and anger depresses me, draining away all my motivation.

5/11/2011

Seeing couples in public is so torturous. I cannot stand it. Especially when these people publicly display affection for one another. It makes me feel so inferior, as if I'm not good enough to experience such heaven and can only watch others doing it. If the guy is younger than me then it's a hundred times worse. The other day, at the mall I saw a high school kid walking around with his hot girlfriend and it filled me with RAGE.

5/17/2011

Well, the semester is finally over. I am done with Moorpark. Done, done, done. Every day I went to that

college I would always depart it feeling sad and upset. I was such an outcast there, just as I am an outcast everywhere else. Ive always been the outcast.

At Moorpark I felt like everyone had a group of friends, and I was the only one left out. No one ever talked to me, no one ever paid any attention to me. And the girls! There were so many hot girls there, just looking at them made my whole body and soul tingle with desire. Not one of them even gave me a second look. Hell, they didn't even give me a first look. Whenever they walked past me they would tilt their beautiful heads away. I was nothing to them. It hurts me so much. Just thinking about it makes me want to cry. These girls willingly give their affection to other men, yet they treat me like scum. It is so unfair! How could they choose other men over me? How dare they treat me this way! What mean, evil creatures they are. How can such beauty be so evil?

I don't want to go back to Moorpark. I really, really don't.

I can't stand it there. I feel too frustrated and sad. Next semester I'll go to a different College. But, how would another College be any different? I will still be excluded, wouldn't I? I would still be a loser. Oh, this is all so dreadful.

5/24/2011

The law of attraction is such an alluring theory. For many months I've been wrestling with myself on whether to try to fully believe and practice it or to dismiss it as a waste of energy and emotion. Sometimes it makes me feel so hopeful, other times it makes me feel like a fool to believe in it, especially after reading about what other people say; and that dashes my hopes.

6/7/2011

Back in January my parents and I talked about the possibility of me moving to Santa Barbara for College. They agreed that they would pay for all my funds and expenses if I move there. I had previously done some research on Santa Barbara City College and the town itself, and found that it is a

great place to live and go to college. When I did that research, I felt a glimmer of hope. It is indeed a hopeful prospect: A different town, a new college, living out of my mother's house. Could this be a chance to get the love and acceptance I so crave for? I wondered. Maybe I could get a girlfriend there! I thought. I remember feeling so enthusiastic about it. I felt like it was something I had to do, to get the life of love and companionship that I've always wanted.

And now here I am. I have moved out of my mother's house. I am living in Isla Vista, which is part of Santa Barbara and next to UCSB, which is where I'm considering transferring to after community college. Here I am, living in beautiful Santa Barbara, in an area with lots of college students and lots of hot girls. I've lived here three days now, and my hope is starting to wane. In fact, I had doubts about this even before I moved here. After going through the first few months of 2011 and feeling more and more disappointed with each lonely day, I started to think that moving to Santa Barbara would be pointless. Yes, there are many college students here;

Yes, there are lots of hot girls here. But there were lots of hot girls at Moorpark College too. I didn't get any attention from girls at Moorpark, so how can I expect to get girls and fit in here? I was excluded at Moorpark. What if I'm also excluded at Santa Barbara? This is really worrying.

Even though I had these doubts, I still moved here because I am so desperate. My life needs a change. I will do anything to fulfill my desires. Oh, how lovely life would be if I can have my desires come true! Love, lust, passion, wealth, beautiful girls... so sweet... so heavenly. I want to make love to a beautiful girl. I want her to love me, I want to be her man. I would feel so special. Right now I can only dream, only hope.

6/10/2011

I drove around Santa Barbara to explore and observe. It truly is a beautiful city. It's like Malibu and Calabasas combined. And of course, there are hot, beautiful girls [redacted] everywhere! Especially at the college I'm going to. I've already walked all over the campus and spotted so

many gorgeous beauties. This should be a good thing. For other guys it probably is. For me though... well, I don't know what to feel. Whenever I see a beautiful girl, and she just walks by me without even looking at me, I feel so inferior. I wish I was attractive enough for girls. I should be. I deserve to be.

The mere sight of beautiful girls gives me so many conflicting emotions. They turn me on. They make my whole body tingle with desire. I want to love them, to be with them. And then I feel frustrated and sad. Girls have ignored me my whole life. Their affection seems impossible to attain. Such heavenly pleasure exists in this world, and I am unable to have it. Whenever I see a hot girl I always think "why can't I be WITH HER?" Why [redacted] do I always have to be alone and have to watch other guys enjoy hot girls? Why do girls go for other guys, [redacted] but not me? I am a nice, generous guy, willing to love a girl and treat her with the utmost affection, and yet girls are always giving their love and attention to horrible jerks! It makes me boil with rage.

6/12/2011

Tomorrow is my first day at a new college. Santa Barbara City College. I am feeling anxious and worried about it, but also excited. With a new college comes many new opportunities, a chance to start fresh. I'll just go in with hopes and smiles, and hope for the best. I am so scared about what I might possibly see there: a young couple; hot girls walking with "hot" douche bag guys; a guy kissing his hot girl friend. Such sights will break my heart, tear at my soul, stab my ego, consume me with rage! I'll just have to try not to concentrate on them, pretend they don't exist. Yes, that's what I'll do. If I catch a glimpse of one I'll just keep looking away. I will think to myself that I am better than them and that before long I will be much more successful and make up for my loss.

6/18/2011

My first week at the new college is over, and I've already dropped one of my two classes. It was my History class, and it was hell. There were some hot, beautiful girls there,

but they never paid any attention to me. They talked to the other guys in the class, but not me! There were so many guys in that class who were stealing the girls from me. I hated watching them casually flirting with the girls. I hate them. I just couldn't stand it anymore, and after two days I decided to drop it.

My only other class is Geography, which isn't as bad. Only having one class this summer gives me more time to concentrate on my true goal, which is finding a way to get rich very fast. I really need to get rich as soon as possible. It's the only way to make up for my lack of love and sex.

7/9/2011

I've lived in Santa Barbara for over a month now, and so far I am not satisfied. I am all alone here. I have absolutely no one to talk to. This is not how I was hoping it to be. I live in Isla Vista! A college town! And I'm all alone. I don't know anyone here, and no one knows I exist.

It's not like I'm not trying. Every night I walk around the town alone or sit in cafes/restaurants, hoping someone would talk to me, but no one has the heart to reach out! There are so many young people here, but they're all walking in groups. They look at me walking alone as if I am some weirdo. They are such cruel, heartless bastards.

I read online that Isla Vista and Santa Barbara are full of hot college girls. That was one of the main factors that made me decide to move here. And it's true! This place is full of beautiful girls! Especially blondes... my favorite. But, now that I've been here for a while, I've realized the horrible truth: There are so many other men here to steal them from me! What's worse is that these girls seem to prefer the tall, jock guys instead of a nice gentleman like myself. It's such an injustice!

7/13/2011

It's July 13th. A Dance with Dragons was released yesterday. The

countdown is over, and there remains less than two weeks before my twentieth birthday! My emotions have been in so much turmoil because of this. A feel so ashamed. Everything seems so bleak and hopeless.

What is wrong with me? Why are other guys able to have sex, and not me? I'm turning TWENTY soon. I will be a twenty-year-old virgin. How sad... I feel so worthless, never having been loved and embraced by a girl. Why do girls hate me so much? What is wrong with me?

I crave for sex [redacted] and pleasure and love! I think about it all the time, the desire never escapes me. I always imagine it in my mind... My beautiful dream girl with lovely blonde hair and blue or green eyes, and a face to die for. Oh, how I wish I could lick her from head to toe, and then make sweet, passionate love to her. And then we would cuddle afterward, our bodies intertwined in complete bliss. That is heaven... the sweetest heaven. I wish it were real. Why can't I do it for real? Why, why, why?

7/14/2011

Ten days! I only have ten days left as a teenager. I bet there's teenagers [redacted] who are younger than me having sex right this very second. Here I am writing about my lack of sex while other teenage males are having sex. They are so much higher in life than me, and I can't stand it. This is tearing at my soul.

What do I do? This is getting way out of hand. I need to do something drastic. A desperate situation requires drastic action. I live in Isla Vista now, there has to be something I can do. Perhaps I should walk all over the town and not go home until I talk to a girl. I tried that last weekend though, and ended up going to bed alone and crying in despair because of all the happy young couples I saw walking around. I don't want a repeat of that night, I really don't. But what else is there to do? Maybe I should just give it another try. What if I end up meeting a beautiful girl who's actually interested in me. Do I dare hope?

7/24/2011

I dreaded this. For many months I dreaded this. Now I'm writing down the moment. I am 20 years old. 20 years old, and a virgin. I remember when I turned 18 and was feeling bad about it. Back then I was hoping that by now I would have been loved and sexed by a girl... Well, two years have passed and I'm still lonely and unwanted, while other [redacted] men are pleasured and happy. I'm still in the same damnable position.

8/15/2011

My journey in Santa Barbara has taken many strange turns, but not for the better, it pains me to say.

First, my walks in Isla Vista have been horrible experiences of shame, anger, and rejection. Everytime I walk around Isla Vista I see all these guys hanging out and walking with hot girls, or a guy walking and holding hands with a hot girl. And I'm all alone. Hot girls in Isla Vista don't even look at me.

Secondly, I just moved into a new apartment unit because I wanted my own single room. The apartment

I'm in is very much like a dorm, and they randomly pair people with flatmates. Well, two new flatmates just moved into the other room in my unit and... they are definitely not the kind of flatmates I expected nor wanted. In fact, they are absolutely horrible, and I despise them. They are immature, obnoxious louts who go out of their way to annoy me. Normally I wouldn't associate with these kind of people, but now I have to live in the same apartment unit as these scum? Are you fucking kidding me?

Fortunately, I don't have to live with them, because I just went to the management office and told them my situation. They said that I can transfer to yet another unit, but this one costs an extra 100 dollars a month, upping my rent to 900 monthly. I [redacted] agreed to go for the transfer. I will not spend my college life living with those repugnant idiots. [redacted] I am to move in two weeks. Hopefully my new [redacted] flatmate will be more

mature.

I am having such bad luck with my experience in Santa Barbara. Why? What have I done to deserve this? This is not how my college experience should be turning out! I must stay hopeful, I must. Hopefully when I move to my new better place things will work out. The school semester hasn't started yet... maybe when I start school I'll meet a girlfriend and find love... who knows? Just stay positive.

8/28/2011

My mother just moved to a new house yesterday, and I returned home to help her with the move. I'm returning home every weekend now, until I move to my new dorm on september 5th. My visits to home gives me a nice, peaceful break from the misfortunes and ill luck that I have to face in Santa Barbara.

9/14/2011

I hate Santa Barbara, and I hate my new college! It's even worse than Moorpark! There are so many hot girls, especially blondes - just the kind that I like, and yet none of

them even give me a second look! WHY? Do they think they are too good for ME? And I see all these other guys who can easily get their attention. I hate these people so much. I hate them, I hate them, I hate them.

I really cannot believe it... I've done the unthinkable. I have started playing World of Warcraft again. Fuck this damnable game! This is the second time I've gone back to it after quitting. I know it's a complete waste of time, but I just had to. Had to! It's a pitiful way to escape from this sick world, this society that makes a mockery of me.

I really feel that playing this game is the only thing I can do to escape, or at least get some sense of escape. Every time I go to school I walk by all these beautiful young people walking and talking and laughing together; couples holding hands and kissing. And I cannot bear the sight. It wounds me, just like it has all throughout my teenage years. It's even worse now because

I'm older and still a loner virgin. I never talk to anyone at school, and no one ever talks to me. [redacted] I always go home from school crying. When I get home to my lonely apartment, what can I do but play World of Warcraft in order to retain some semblance of sanity?

I've been living in my new dorm for more than a week now. It's so lonely here all by myself. Whole days go by without me talking to anyone. My new flatmate moves in in a few days from now. I hope I can get along with [redacted] him.

9/20/2011

My new flatmate has now moved in. He's a short, stocky guy named Spencer. Although he's not the best I could have hoped for, he seems mature enough, and so it shouldn't be an unpleasant experience living with him. I was hoping for someone who could be my friend though... someone who could help me out with my problems... someone like... Max. This Spencer doesn't seem like the type who would do that. We jwt

don't click, for some reason. Oh well, at least he's mature and clean. I should be glad he's not a rowdy asshole like my old flatmates.

9/28/2011

This month has been absolutely horrible. I feel so terribly lonely here in Santa Barbara, even with this new flatmate living in my apartment. Sometimes I would walk around Isla Vista to try to make friends or meet girls, but I always end up walking back alone, crying. I cry myself to sleep sometimes. My flatmate has probably heard me crying, even from the other room. How embarrassing. I thought he was out; but found out he was in his room the whole time. He must think I'm such a loser, always coming back from Isla Vista without any girl. Every other college student in Isla Vista is having sex but me, and it's NOT FAIR!

I'm starting to hate my flatmate, just because he is there to witness me in my shame. It's a good thing that he is also not bringing back any girls to his room. If he did, I would be so jealous and angry and

I would hate him even more. He once bragged to me that he used to have a girlfriend. How dare he! How the fuck can an ugly, short little man like Spencer have a girlfriend and not me?? Maybe he's lying. Or maybe his girlfriend is ugly too. Yeah, that's probably the case. I should let it be.

9/29/2011

I've been playing WoW online with my friend James Ellis a lot this month. James is an old friend of mine. I met him in first grade, and we're still friends to this day, though recently there has been some conflict between us.

James and I have a lot in common and I think we are in rather similar positions in life. We have similar problems, especially when it comes to girls. We always talk about our fantasies of revenge and power because of it. I always loved talking to him about my hunger for power and wealth, about how awesome it would be to be powerful and wreak destruction on those who have made my life miserable! He was, in fact, the only person I could talk to about this, and I thought that he felt the same way.

I was wrong. When James and I had those conversations, he was just joking whereas I was completely serious. This is where we differ greatly. This is where the conflict arises. I really thought he was like me, and I want to believe it. But no, his heart is too soft. He's weak. It's a real pity. I enjoyed those conversations we had. It was a way for me to vent my anger and express myself. But I went a little too far with some of the things I said, and I seem to have disturbed him greatly. That damn little weakling! This is probably why he's been acting so cold towards me lately.

For example, we were once discussing what we would do if we [redacted] became [redacted] dictators with absolute power. I told him of all the torturous things I would do to females if I had the power, as revenge for how females treat me today. And it's true. If I become dictator of the U.S. I would completely degrade the female population; give them the pain they gave me. When I talked to James about this, I seem to have really scared him. Not only scared him... but disgusted him. He avoided me

for a few weeks afterward. I don't know why he would react this way! I really can't fathom it. He experiences the same rejection from girls as I do. He is a virgin just like me. So why doesn't he have the same desire for revenge? I have contempt for weaklings like James Ellis.

10/13/2011

My life flows in such a vicious circle. I keep losing hope and then regaining it, only to lose it again when my hope doesn't manifest into what I want. Yet I keep clinging to hope. I keep believing, or wanting to believe that there is a chance, a way, to live a successful, happy life; to experience love and sex and pleasure.

There has to be a way! There just has to be! I may be a 20 year old virgin, but that doesn't mean it's not to late to have lots of sex in the future! Time is ticking. I need to do everything I can to get what I so crave for. I am so desperate, it's pathetic. I have quit WoW again... this is the third time I've quit that game, and it will be the FINAL time. The month of

september was wasted because of my depression. I cannot let this continue. I even... dropped two of my college classes. I can't believe it. It's still not too late though. I still have a chance. I could make up for those two classes next semester if things work out.

10/26/2011

I've been making a huge effort to try to get a social life and meet some girls this month, despite how horrible the semester started out, but no matter how hard I try things don't seem to be changing! I'm still alone. I bought myself some nice new clothes, and I got an aquaintance of mine who is 22 to help me buy some alcohol. But what's the point of having alcohol if I have no girls to share it with?

Every weekend for the past 4 weeks I've walked down to the area in Isla Vista where all the college parties are. Sometimes I would go with these two new aquaintances of mine, named Andy and Stan, and sometimes I would go by myself. The results are always

the same. I'm never invited into any of the college parties going on, and there are A LOT of them. I never meet any girls. Hell, the girls don't even give me a second look. I'm invisible to them. They would much rather be with all those rowdy obnoxious jocks and frat boys. All the [redacted] hot girls flock to these type of guys, and I hate them for it. I am a nice sophisticated gentleman, and these beautiful girls would much rather fool around with slobs. The more I see this, the more I am filled with burning hatred.

11/2/2011

Another month has gone by now, and I made a huge effort this month. But still... nothing. How long can I keep doing this? How much torture and humiliation can I take from the world? I must be very strong, to have survived the cruelties of the world for this long.

I just don't give up. I could have given up years ago, but the hope of experiencing sex and love in the future kept me pressing on. Every

second of each day I think about a happy future for myself. A future in which I'm the man I want to be, a future where I can have sex and be loved by beautiful girls! I want to have a beautiful wife and make love to her every night, and have children with her. Is that impossible for me? What's the point of living then, if I can never have that? I should stop writing now... I'm starting to cry.

11/3/2011

The Halloween weekend was horrible. It's the time of the year when this college town is the most crazy. The streets here were packed with college kids walking around in their little groups and cliques, acting immature and obnoxious to everyone.

I of course went out for a stroll to see what opportunities would come my way. On Saturday and Sunday I went out by myself, and on Monday I went with Andy and Stan and a few of their friends. During these times I experienced things and saw things that were very hurtful. I saw guys walking around with

their hot girlfriends, which enraged me tremendously! I saw guys kissing and making out with hot girls in front of everyone. They must have felt like kings! On Friday I was sitting at Silvergreens restaurant by myself and I saw this guy hanging out with three hot blonde girls. They were all laughing together. And the guy was a total douchebag! I hate him so much. If only I could snap my fingers and he would die a horrible, painful death.

It pains me to write about this. I feel so full of hatred and anger, and writing about it makes those horrible memories come back. I will stop now before I have another emotional breakdown.

11/9/2011

I feel so insecure everytime I go out now. I feel as if everyone thinks I'm a loser. But I'm not... I know I'm not! I'm not meant to be a loser. That's just what this cruel world wants me to think. In truth, they are the losers and I'm the winner. I'll show them, I'll show them all!

I always dress very well now, in expensive designer clothes. It makes me feel better about myself when I go out in public. I have a decent amount of money saved up from the monthly allowance that my parents and grandma give me, and I've been spending some of it on nice clothes. The more I do it, the better I feel. I look good in designer clothes, such as Hugo Boss and Armani, my favorites.

11/25/2011

It's Thanksgiving holiday now, and I'm back in my hometown for a week. For some reason my visits home are very relieving. It's like taking a break from my troubles in Santa Barbara.

Yesterday I went with my mother to a Thanksgiving party at Rob Lemelson's house. Rob is a family friend. The Thanksgiving was at one of his houses in the Palisades. James Ellis was there, and so were these two douchebags named Julian and Leo.

There are two people named Leo whom I hate very much. Leo Bubenheim, the son of my father's friend, and Leo Ritz-Barr, the son

of one of Rob's friends. The Leo at this party was Leo Ritz-Barr. He is a couple years older than me, and his brother Julian is a year younger than me, I believe. Both brothers are loud, obnoxious, pot-smoking douchebags who always brag about all the girls they get, and they never shut up. I was hoping they would choke on their dinner, and I was sorely disappointed.

It was nice to see James there. Well, that's what I thought at first, [redacted] then I realized that [redacted] the last time the two of us spoke to each other we had a huge argument online. James acted very coldly towards me when he first saw me, which was very unreasonable because he was the one who was in the wrong when we had our argument. He later warmed up when we sat down for dinner, and we started talking as if we were friends again, catching up on old times and laughing at how foolish Julian and Leo were acting. Despite this, he was [redacted] still very distant from me. He treated me as if I'm a different person. I fear that the [redacted] kind of friendship we used to

have is gone forever.

Overall, the dinner was a pleasant experience. The food was great, Rob cooked a delicious turkey. It was nice to be there after so much loneliness in Santa Barbara.

11/28/2011

Last weekend I met up with my old friends Philip and Addison. It's been a while since I've seen them. Addison and I don't fight anymore. He used to be a great enemy of mine, and I can never forgive him for the way he treated me back in 2009/2010, but recently we have come to certain agreements. The two of us are alike in a peculiar way. We have similar views of the world. Philip was the same as he's always been: a nice but weak person, pleasant to talk to and be around.

I enjoyed spending time with them. We met up at the Calabasas Commons and then we went in my car to a restaurant in L.A., and then to the Griffith Park Observatory. I've been there quite a few times. It has such a spectacular view of the city of L.A. I was scared I would see

some young couples there, as it is the kind of place that attracts [redacted] young couples who go there and make-out under the stars. [redacted] Thankfully, I didn't see any.

12/9/2011

Well, I just finished the semester at SBCC. School is over. I started this semester with five classes and high hopes for a better life. I ended up only completing two classes because I dropped the rest out of frustration. My parents don't know. They cannot know. I'll have to make up for this next year.

Why am I writing this? [redacted] This should not be! I should not be in this position! I should have lost my virginity by now! Why, why WHY? WHY does it have to be this way? Is this torture never going to end? Will I be forever alone? An entire SEMESTER has just passed and I haven't even gotten one girl's phone number in my cell phone. NOT EVEN ONE! This semester was supposed to be the period of my life where I finally get to experience the things

I've missed out on for so long. I moved to Santa Barbara to get a new, fresh start and get the life I want; to have friends, to have a girlfriend, to have SEX, to go to parties, to be accepted, to do all the things people my age do. But no... it didn't happen. None of it happened, even though it's all around me. Everyone else here does all those things. There are college parties all over the place here in Isla Vista. But am I invited? NO.

I am full of rage right now. I am still a virgin and an outcast. Everybody here hates me, and the girls are not attracted to me. They want to exclude me. Is every young person so exclusive and cruel? Everywhere I go I'm excluded. They don't consider me a part of them, and it's ridiculous. Am I not human? If I'm not then what am I? What is my [redacted] purpose? [redacted] To be born on this world and shunned by the rest of humanity? Nobody wants me.

I'm honestly starting to think there is no hope left. Hope was what kept me going, but from the way things are turning out, it doesn't

seem like there is any hope. Am I doomed to be alone forever? I hate humanity for doing this to me!

12/19/2011

Back home in Woodland Hills again. I drove home a few days ago. My mother is allowing me to stay at home for a longer time because of the holidays. I feel that it's insulting that I need to have permission in order to return to my mother's home. I should be able to visit whenever I want. But this is the way it is now. Ever since I moved to Santa Barbara I was officially "kicked out" of my mother's household. She will never let me live in her house again, apart from my short allowed visits. Then again, I suppose it's for the best. When I think about the last couple of years living with my mom, they were years of loneliness and depression. My move to Santa Barbara was supposed to be a big step to change that, but it's all going so wrong.

Last weekend I went with my mother to a Christmas party at the Lemelson's. They have quite a nice house, and their Christmas parties are always quite enjoyable.

There was really good wine there. I've always loved drinking wine. It makes me feel relaxed [redacted] and at ease.

James Ellis was there, and we talked a lot. He was acting more friendly this time, but I could still detect the bitterness he has towards me. I know he fears me, and he's too much of a coward to admit it.

12/20/2011

My great failure in Santa Barbara has caused me too much grief. I have calmed down somewhat, after going over things in my mind and looking for future possibilites. To make myself feel better I bought some new clothes this week; some new designer jeans from Nordstrom, a couple of Armani shirts, and a Hugo Boss jacket.

I'm starting a new semester at SBCC next year. This is a new chance for me. I'm taking lots of classes. Hopefully in one of them I will meet a beautiful girl who is attracted to me. There are always possibilities in the future. I can't give up yet. I just can't!

I keep failing, but then I regain my hope by looking to the [redacted] future.

This cycle has repeated itself for years now. How long can I keep this up? When will I finally get what I want? I really don't know anymore. But so long as I see possibility in the future, I will cling to my hope.

12/22/2011

Tomorrow I'm leaving for England. I'm going to spend a week there. At the beginning of this month my mother called me and told me that she and my sister [redacted] are going to England for the holidays and asked me if I wanted to come.

At first I said no. I felt that in this depressing period of my life it's best not to travel and visit family. But it's been about ten years since I've visited my home country. I haven't been on vacation for quite a while now, and we'll be staying at a nice hotel. I at last decided that I might as well go.

I feel frustrated about this because I'll be visiting family that I haven't seen in a long time, and [redacted] at this point in my life I really don't want to show myself to people in my family because there is nothing good about me

to show. I feel so ashamed of my life and I don't want people to see that. I'll have to hide it and pretend that all is good, but it will be very aggravating.

12/27/2011

I'm writing from my hotel in England. I've been here for a few days now and it's been a nice experience. My hotel room is quite comfortable and warm despite the darnably cold weather outside.

We spent Christmas with some family members on my mother's side. It was nice to see them, expecially my grandma. It's been a long time since her last visit.

I haven't been back to England for such a long time. I've almost forgotten what it was like! The last time I was here I think I was 10 years old. Yes... I was 10, it was the summer after I graduated from Topanga Elementary school.

It feels good to be here. The people are so much nicer and more polite than the people in California. I feel like there's a real sense of community here.

When I walked around the city of Colchester I saw a lot of pretty girls! And they seemed to be very nice too. Pretty girls who are actually nice?

Can it be? That's almost unheard of in America. American girls are so mean and cruel. Perhaps it's different in England. This makes me wonder if my life would have been happier if I never moved to the U.S. If I had grown up in England, could I have lived the life I want? Would I have had a girlfriend? Would I not be a virgin? I'll never know the answer to that, because it's an alternate reality. The best thing I can do is concentrate on the future.

12/31/2011

Well, my trip to England is over and I'm back in California now. It was a nice trip, and it went by very fast. I got to see some very nice sights, explored London and Colchester, and went to some exquisite restaurants.

Now I'm back home, and it's the last day of the year! I can't believe how fast this year was, and how much I've failed. The world keeps pushing me down in the dirt, and I keep pressing on.

Today I'm going to the mall to shop for some new clothes. I got a lot of money from Christmas this year. Later tonight I'm going with my father and

step-mom to a New Years eve party at their friend's house. I'm not really enthusiastic about it, but I have no where else to go for New Years. I am such a loner. At the party I'll probably end up sitting by myself the whole time, sipping on a glass of wine. Other young people will [redacted] be having so much fun tonight, and I'm not invited to any party except the one my parents go to. It's so sad.

I remember feeling this way last New Year, and the one before that. A feeling of ominous depression. I remember last New Year very clearly; I was on World of Warcraft... and it was so dismal. I shouldn't dwell on it any further, or I'll get more depressed. Time to go shopping.

I just finished shopping and I feel quite satisfied with this new Hugo Boss shirt that I bought. It was $150 but it was so worth it! It is very flashy and stylish and it goes well with the golden necklace I got from my grandma for Christmas. I wear this golden necklace all the time now, it has become very special to me.

I think I'll wear this new shirt

to the New Year's party tonight. It should make me feel more confident.

1/1/2012

I got incredibly drunk last night. I had to... I was too enraged and upset and I needed something to make me feel better, so I kept helping myself to more and more wine. I forgot how many glasses I had.

The party was at Vincent's parent's house. Vincent... I hate that kid so much. His family has been friends with my father for many years. We met them through the Bubenheims. Vincent is the same age as my sister, four years younger than me. When I was thirteen he was nine, and he used to come over a lot with his parents. He was a little kid compared to me, and he actually looked up to me! He would always watch me play video games and ask me questions about them. Now, I am twenty and he is sixteen. He has a girlfriend, and I don't. He has lots of friends that he parties with, and I don't!!!

When we arrived at his house, Vincent wasn't there at first. He was at a teenage party at Leo's house... Leo, I hate him even more. My father went off to mingle

with his friends, so I ended up just sitting on a couch sipping wine... just like I thought. And then I had to listen to Vincent's horrible bitch of a mother tell everyone how beautiful Vincent's girlfriend is. I didn't know he had a girlfriend, though from examining his facebook I knew that he had lots of female friends. This news really blew me over the edge. I had to keep going to the bathroom to calm my fuming rage. After that I resolved to get very drunk. I just didn't care anymore, I felt so crushed and defeated. How can Vincent, who is four years younger than me, have a girlfriend and I don't? How can he surpass me in life so easily?! What do girls see in this asshole that they don't see in me?! [redacted] I hate him so much...

1/3/2012

I'll be staying at my mother's house for another week before I go back to Santa Barbara. This is it. This new semester that I'll be starting is my last chance to live a great college life... to make friends, to have sex with girls, to enjoy life as other people my age do! If this semester turns out like the last

one, and I end up dropping my classes, then I won't be able to finish community college by the summer of 2013, which is when my mother will stop paying me, and I won't be able to get into a university by then, which will lead to my father cutting off his support as well. It would be the end of me. This truly is my last chance.

I am very scared. In all likelihood, [redacted] society won't be any nicer to me this year than it was last year. But I have to tackle it all the same. I have to! I must do everything I can to get what I want. This is a matter of life and death, and I will prevail!

1/8/2012

Yesterday I [redacted] met up with Philip and Addison. I went to [redacted] Philip's house first, and then we all went in my car to hang out in West Hollywood. It was an interesting experience.

We first went on a nice hike in the Hollywood Hills and reached the Hollywood sign. Fantastic view! I got some [redacted] good pictures! After that we went to the Beverly Center and walked around a bit. I was wearing my new Hugo Boss shirt, so I felt a bit more confident walking around in the mall. And then

we went to the Getty Museum and made it there just before closing time.

It was at the Getty Museum where Philip made a comment that pretty much ruined my night. He told Addison that a few girls checked him out at the mall. This made me very jealous. I asked Philip if he saw any girls checking me out, and he said no, he didn't see any. I was in so much shock. I asked him why he had to be so mean, and he told me he was just being "honest". I was devastated! How could girls check out Addison and not ME? I was in my best shirt, a shirt that cost me $150 dollars... I was so devastated. How was this possible?! I'm better looking than Addison! That motherfucker. I couldn't take it anymore and I had to be alone after that, so I walked away from them and found a dark, quiet spot outside the museum, where I started to cry.

I cried for a while, and then I walked to a balcony overlooking the city, thinking about the world and my place in it. The view from the Getty Museum was magnificent, especially at night... all the lights of the city was spread out before me. Seeing it with

tear-blurred eyes made it so surreal...

When the museum closed I met Philip and Addison on the way out. I tried to hide my emotions, but I [redacted] was bitter and depressed for the rest of the night. We later had dinner at a restaurant on Sunset boulevard, and then cruised around Hollywood for a bit. [redacted] I hate Hollywood at night... lots of young people walking about and lots of young couples. It reminds me of Isla Vista, and I will be going back there in a few days. The thought leaves a bitter taste in my mouth. When I arrived home, I couldn't help [redacted] breaking down and crying somemore. I was so emotional.

1/15/2012

Well, here I am. Back in Santa Barbara. I haven't started school yet, and I feel very anticipated about this new semester. I've registered for six classes! I have to make up for dropping two last year.

I am very afraid. What if it all goes wrong and I end up dropping these classes? What then? It will all be over and I know it. Ever since I hit puberty my life has been an unnatural life of frustration and stifled sexual desire. Society has treated me so cruelly for [redacted] so many

years. My move to Santa Barbara is my attempt to start anew, to give the world a chance. I thought I would finally be able to have what I've craved for: acceptance, love, sex. So far I've only experienced failure and more rejection. This new semester is my last hope.

1/18/2012

I am sitting in my room, alone. It is so dark and so lonely. I haven't started College yet, it doesn't begin until the 23rd. I haven't spoken to anyone for a week, and I'm feeling very sad, and very angry. I've been thinking a lot about my life and my place in the world. My life is a great battle and a great struggle against those who want to oppress me. Other young people look at me and see someone who is different. They have cast me out and deemed me unworthy to fit in with them. They would have me die alone and unwanted while they enjoy their happy lives. It angers me so much when I think about how lonely I've been for so long. Alone, alone, alone... This cannot go on. Time has gone by so fast, and I keep remaining in this position of failure. I want to prove to them that I am worthy, that I'm better than they are!

1/19/2012

I can't take this anymore. My desire for sex is torture. Ever since puberty I've fantasized about having sex, and because girls deny me sex, I've had to live this torturous existence for years! The more I remain a virgin, the more I desperately desire it, and the worse my life gets.

I live such an unnatural existence. As a male I'm supposed to have sex with females, to mate with them and make love to them in pleasurable bliss. But no... not me... girls don't want to have sex with me. They consider me inferior and unworthy of even their attention! Girls my age have never paid any attention to me my whole life! How can I consider myself a human when the females of my species don't want to mate with me? What am I then? And what is my purpose?! How can they do this to me? I didn't do anything to deserve this ostracization from humanity. It breaks my heart to know how cruel and evil the world can be. It fills me with so much anger and hatred.

I went through puberty when I was 14 years old, and I was so overwhelmed with sexual desire. My whole life, my

whole world, changed that year. I was so overwhelmed with the concept of sex that it scared me deeply, and girls scared me aswell. They made me so nervous. I thought I would never have sex... and sadly I was right. When I was 17 this fact fully dawned on me, and I realized how brutally cruel the world really is. That I would have these desires for sex and love but unable to satisfy them because of humanity's rejection and disdain. 17 was the age when I started feeling extreme anger and hatred towards girls and the guys who get them, who take them from me! And my hatred for girls is completely justified. It's despicable how cruel and malevolent they've treated me, especially since my desire is to have sex with girls and make them feel good! They deserve to be punished for this, and that has been my goal for so long. Revenge. I never forget the wrongs people have dealt to me.

The thing is, I don't want to believe that the world is like this! I want to believe that there is hope for good in the world... that it is possible for me to get the happy life I want where girls are attracted to me and I can

4/21/2012

I am feeling very depressed. I'm at the end of all hope. It's almost been a month since that traumatic day... The day I lost the Lottery jackpot that I was meant to win. I was going to be the record-breaking Lottery winner of 656 million! I still can't come to terms with the fact that I didn't win. I should not be in this position right now! If I had won, then I would probably be driving one of my dream cars at this very instant, looking for a new mansion to buy. I would probably even have a girlfriend by now. That is how my life should be. Not this. Not this depression and suffering and loneliness. I can't stand looking at my cramped, lonely apartment room. I feel like it's suffocating me. I feel so lonely and depressed that it's hard to breathe. It is so overwhelming. It's as if I'm trapped with no way out. What happens now?

There is no hope for me, is there? I dropped all of my college classes, something I feared I would do. I just didn't want to suffer another day at that horrible college, with all those

beautiful young couples walking around and looking down on me as if I'm inferior to them. I dropped my classes with the conviction that I would return to college as a rich guy who could get all the girls... I thought I had a chance to become rich very quickly. I thought I would win the lottery. It was meant to be! I can't believe I didn't win! This is so shattering. What do I do now?

4/23/2012

I just watched a new episode of Game of Thrones season 2, my favorite T.V. show. It just started airing at the beginning of this month. With the horrible way my life is turning out lately, I can at least get a somewhat small sense of enjoyment from watching this show. Season 2 is very exciting, and I think it adapts the books very well.

5/7/2012

I feel so lifeless. I have nothing to hope for anymore. How can I ever become rich at a young age? That is my purpose in life. It's the only way I will ever experience sex

and love. But I lost the Lottery. What other way is there? That jackpot was meant to be MINE! For the past few days I've felt so weak and defeated. This loneliness is killing me. Life is torture.

5/16/2012

I hate my flatmate Spencer so much. Ever since he was assigned as my flatmate he has been there to witness all of my failure and shame. We live in the same apartment unit, so it's not like I can hide my failure. It shows. The fact that I've never brought a girl into my room is evidence enough that I'm a lonely virgin. The pain that I feel because of my lonely virgin status is terrible enough, and the fact that this Spencer is around to witness it all and judge me just makes everything worse.

And lately he's been bringing this girl into his room. It started a couple of months ago. When I first heard a female voice coming from inside his room, I was overcome with shock and indignation. Spencer is a short, chubby, and ugly little man. How in the world can this ugly pig get a girl into his room, and yet I

can't? How can he accomplish it before me?! What the fuck is wrong with this world?

When I finally got a glimpse of the girl he was with, I saw that she was ugly and plain looking, and a wave of relief swept over me. There is no way I would be attracted to this girl Spencer was with, and yet Spencer gave me the most smug look after I saw her. I can't believe this slob has the nerve to be cocky about it. He probably thinks I'm jealous of him because he brought a girl over and I haven't yet. A few days ago I confronted him about this, telling him that his girl looks like an ugly whore and so he has no right to act cocky. That made him quite angry and offended, to my satisfaction. How dare this fat little rodent act smug towards ME, just because he brings a trashy whore to his room! How dare he. And then he starts telling me that I'm a "weirdo" and a "lunatic", hah! A fat little lowlife is calling ME names? I am superior to him in all ways.

5/20/2012

Today I went on a lonely, dismal stroll through Isla Vista. It's been a while since I've done this, and today was no different than my other walks through this cruel and brutal town. It filled me with despair. I saw groups of young, attractive college students walking together. Oh, I can only imagine how great life would be if I could be among them. To be accepted! But there I was, walking alone, as always. A few girls walked past me, but they looked at me as if I was a **mouse**, unworthy of breathing the same air as them. They see me as an unworthy and inferior man, and they throw themselves at the men who they think are the "alpha males", the jocks and frat boys. I am an outcast when I walk around here, miserable and alone. It is so terrifying to be at the bottom of the social ladder. When everyone around me treats me like an inferior form of life, I feel so small and vulnerable. The world is so cruel. What's the point of even living if I have to suffer this? My life has been so meaningless.

6/5/2012

I now realize that I can never fit in with other young people while I'm in my current position. All these college kids think they are better than me, and thus they would never accept me to be among them. The truth is, I am the one who is better than them. When I first moved to Santa Barbara, I thought I could finally live the life that other young people live. I thought I could finally have sex and go to parties and have fun. I was wrong. I am different from other people my age. They can see that I'm different, and so they treat me with cruelty and disdain. I can't be one of them... but I CAN rise above them! I am better than they are! I am more mature, more intelligent. I am special. I've always known this. I shouldn't be putting myself at the mercy of these cruel people by trying to fit in with them. I was completely at their mercy...the entire time I've lived in Santa Barbara. All I got was rejection and ostracization.

Instead of begging to join them, I should be working to rise above them! I HATE these people for the way

they're treated me. Once I rise to a higher position in life through gaining power and wealth, I can show them all how superior I am! That will be the ultimate revenge, and it will be so sweet.

6/22/2012

I have decided to quit my summer classes. I signed up for two of them, and I attended them [redacted] for two days before realizing that there really is no point to this anymore. I refuse to go to these classes, sit there for hours listening to these boring lectures, and spend so much time completing mundane homework assignments when NOTHING comes out of it. And that's not even the worst part. Every time I go to my college I have to watch all these other males having the time of their lives while I suffer in misery and loneliness. I see them... I see them enjoying the company of girls. I see guys walking arm in arm with their hot girlfriends, laughing together and kissing. I see guys chatting up hot girls and exchanging phone numbers with them. They live such blissful lives of pleasure and fun while I have to suffer every

single day. It's not fair! I should be the one with the girls! I deserve it more than them! I HATE THEM!

How can I keep going on like this? This is a never-ending cycle of torture for me. I will NOT go on like this. I dropped my classes in the spring because I knew it was hopeless to keep trying this way. I formed the absolute goal that I will become wealthy at a young age, as fast as possible, and then return to college in triumph as a superior rich man who can get all the girls. This is my PURPOSE in life... to become wealthy and rise above everyone I hate, everyone who mistreated me, ridiculed me, rejected me. To make them envy me just as I [redacted] envy them. I will not backtrack from this goal. I will not give up. My failure to win the MegaMillions Jackpot in March cannot mean the end of all possibility to become rich while I'm young. There has to be a way!

6/24/2012

Becoming wealthy is my only hope to get the life I desire, but how will I do it? I've already

come to the conclusion that writing an epic fiction story won't make me rich fast enough, and that's if I write a story that will be made into a movie. Very small chance of that happening. It would take many years to acquire wealth with that plan. I can't wait that long. Sexual starvation is torture. I don't want to wait 5 years until I can lose my virginity. How will I do it? The prospect is so daunting. It seems the only way is if I win the Lottery.

I can't help but wonder, with a lot of dread, what would happen if I fail to become successful and rich. What if it will never happen? If I can never become wealthy, then I will be a lonely virgin forever. Girls won't see the value in me unless I have lots of money. If I fail to acquire this vast amount of money I need to attract girls, then I will forever be an undesirable. Forever loathed. NO! Just [redacted] imagining such a dark future fills me with despair. I would rather die than live like this any longer. Wealth is my only way out. Without that, then I having nothing to live for. Nothing to live for but

revenge. If I fail to become wealthy, I will have my revenge in any other way possible, no matter the cost.

This makes me think about a phrase I came up with recently: If I cannot join them, I will rise above them. If I cannot rise above them, I will destroy them.

7/10/2012

I've been reading this book called "The Power of Your Subconcious Mind" and I find it to be very similar to "The Secret". It gives a more in depth view of the law of attraction. I gave up on believing in this concept over a year ago, but this book is giving me renewed hope. What if such a power exists? What if I can harness this universal power to change my fate with my mind? And if it does exist, who better than I, Elliot Rodger, to be the one to utilize it! I am special. My mind is more evolved than other people's. It doesn't hurt to try. I will study the concepts of this book more and meditate on it.

8/2/2012

I turned 21 over a week ago. This is a very dismal and ominous period of my life. I am getting older and older, and time is running short. I am a 21 year old virgin! I've never experienced the pleasures of having sex with a girl. The wealth I will attain in the future is my only way of making up for that. I am determined to acquire my wealth very soon. I deserve it more than anyone else. The only way of gaining this wealth right now is through winning the MegaMillions Lottery... It is my destiny. I am so certain of it! I was born to be wealthy. I am meant to win the Lottery. It is the perfect happy conclusion to all of the suffering and mistreatment I've had to experience in my life. I believe I will win. Once the Jackpot rises above 100 million, I will buy a ticket and that ticket will be the winning ticket. I trust that the universe will align itself to my firm belief. I am powerful!

Right now I can only dream, only fantasize. This fantasizing only fuels my belief. It's what keeps me motivated and hopeful every day. I have something to live for now. Soon... soon the life I

want will come to be. It only makes sense. It's only fair. I can live with my virginity and sexual starvation just a little bit longer, knowing that once I win the Lottery, I will be able to satisfy it all I want. Girls will finally see my worth! They will be all over me. I can't wait!

8/7/2012

Lately I've been going on long walks by myself around Girsh Park, near Isla Vista. I would usually go during the time the sun sets, when there are not so many people around. As I walk, I would think about my future and my hopes and dreams. It is a very soothing experience, and it helps me strengthen my belief that I am destined to win the MegaMillions Lottery and become a young multi-millionaire. I feel more and more content with life as I think about this.

I feel a great surge of excitement when I imagine how happy and perfect my life will be once I've won the MegaMillions Jackpot. I will be able to fully indulge in everything I'm passionate about: exotic cars, luxurious mansions, expensive clothes, and of cours

sex with beautiful girls. I will drive a Maserati and a Lamborghini, and when girls see me in those cars they will all want to date me. They will finally see me as the supreme man that I'm meant to be. When I purchase a huge, beautiful mansion and take girls to it, they will be in love. I just know it!

Once this all comes to fruition, I will finally lose my virginity. I will be able to have sex! SEX SEX SEX!!! No more lonely nights of masturbating... I will be able to experience the real thing, just as other men do, curse them. I crave for sex. I want to hold a beautiful girl's naked body against mine and feel her smooth sexy skin. I want to lick her all over and make passionate love to her. I want to make her moan with delight as she orgasms, looking at me with love and lust in her eyes. I want to know what it feels like to fall asleep with a girl cuddled up to me at night. I WANT!

8/8/2012

I spend all of my time meditating now, visualizing what my life will be like once I've won. I do feel very impatient, though my impatience will only

make my victory much more satisfying. I only have to wait a little while longer. My money is coming. I am so certain of it. The Jackpot is slowly rising, and in about a month's time it should be at over 100 million. My victory is only a month away!

8/15/2012

My desire for sex is overwhelming. Every time I go out I see beautiful girls everywhere, and the sight of them makes my whole body tingle. Sometimes I even get an erection when I look at them, and I can't control it. I hunger! It is so torturous to not be able to satisfy my urges. The only way to deal with it is to think that when I am rich, which I will be soon, I can have all the sex I want.

8/20/2012

My hatred for my flatmate Spencer has intensified. This ugly idiot thinks he's better than me because I've never brought a girl to my room. For this entire year that I've shared an apartment unit with him, he has been making judgements about me as

I've suffered through loneliness and rejection. I can hide how pathetic my life has been from others, but I can't from him. He knows. That is why I hate him. And now the lease on this apartment is about to end, and I'll never see him again. I'll be forever imprinted in his mind as the weird loner who can't get a girlfriend. [redacted] It's too late to prove my superiority to him. It's infuriating! I hope he catches a horrible disease and dies a painful death. Perhaps when I'm rich I can track him down and gloat to him about how awesome my life has become. Yes... that's what I will do. He will envy me then.

9/6/2012

The MegaMillions Jackpot is growing. I know I'm going to win soon. It make perfect sense that I will win this. I must remain faithful. I must truly believe that I will win. That is the key to activating this power.

Despite my heightened faith that I will be the winner, I've been feeling this lingering anxiety. It's very worrying. My greatest fear often tugs at the back of my mind... what if this power doesn't

exist? What if I don't win? My whole life will be shattered. I cannot think that... I have to win. It's meant to be! It's my supreme purpose in life to be a young multi-millionaire and make all my enemies envy me. I can't have doubt. I must conquer my fear.

9/8/2012

I am now living in a new apartment unit. After my lease on the old apartment ended, I transferred to a unit in the main complex of Capri Apartments. Their main complex is located in the center of Isla Vista, closer to where all the parties happen. Not like that matters anymore. Soon I will be driving home to my mother's house with my winning Lottery ticket. When I return to Isla Vista, it will be in a brand new exotic car.

12/1/2012

My life is over...

I cannot begin to describe the level of rage and despair I'm in right now. I LOST! I built all of my hopes up, AGAIN, and it has been completely and mercilessly shattered.

Back in September, I lost the Megamillions Jackpot that I so surely thought I was destined to win. That defeat put me into the worst depression of my life. I was so depressed I couldn't even write in my diary. I just didn't have the motivation. But I still clung to the hope that the Megamillions Jackpot would rise high again. It's all I have to hope for. Being rich is the ONLY way I can attract the girls I want, and winning the Lottery is the ONLY way I can become rich at my age. I have no talent as a singer or actor or anything like that. The Lottery is the only way... And so I clung to hope.

In the last couple of months, the Megamillions never rose that high, to my utter dismay. I grew impatient, and then I saw on the news that

the POWERBALL Jackpot is above 500 million! But California doesn't have the Powerball Lottery... The only way for me to get tickets is to drive all the way to Arizona.

When I found out about this Jackpot, there was only a day left until the drawing. I would have to drive to Arizona right then and there in order to make it in time.

I immediately thought about a young couple I saw earlier in the day. They were walking in Isla Vista, holding hands and kissing. When they kissed, the guy placed his hands on his girlfriend's ass. The sight filled me with envy and anguish. When I got home I felt dizzy. That guy is living the life. His life is heaven. The only way I can have a girlfriend like that... to have that heavenly experience... is to become very rich. I decided that I HAD to win that Powerball Jackpot. I jumped into my car and took off for Arizona at 1:00 in the morning.

This was destiny. It was a six-hour journey, and I thought about the life I am meant to

live as I drove with determination. I spent 100 dollars on fuel and 100 dollars on tickets. I was so sure I would win! After the drawing, I was so nervous to check the results that I waited until today. Today I checked the results that would decide my fate, AND I LOST !!! How dare the world do this to me! Everything has been shattered. All my hopes, all my dreams, SHATTERED. How can this be? I keep asking myself that. How can this be happening to me? My life is over. Without this victory, I have nothing to live for, nothing to hope for.

After all the suffering, rejection, and injustice I've had to face in my life, and the long, emotional journey I just took to Arizona, I truly believed I would finally be victorious. I thought I would be rich and finally prove my worth to the world. I thought I could finally have a girlfriend and have sex. As I drove to Arizona, I kept visualizing and dreaming about the heavenly life I would live after my big Lottery win. I pictured the

beautiful blonde-haired girlfriend I would have, and even the children we would have together. It is the life I am meant to have, and it has been taken away from me today. Everything has been shattered and destroyed. I didn't win. Now I have to continue living my miserable, lonely, sex-deprived life.

12/2/2012

Today I drove to Girsh Park in Goleta, still in disbelief about what just happened. I walked around in the grass for an hour, thinking about my place in the world. I remember walking in this same park a few months ago, with high hopes that I would be rich by now. Now I have nothing to hope for. I can't believe I drove all the way to Arizona for Powerball tickets, only to lose. This can't be! I was meant to win that! It would have been the perfect culmination of my tragic life.

What do I do now? I've been asking myself that all day long. Am I doomed to suffer this horrible, lonely life forever? I am sick and

tired of this. What is the point to my life, if I'm just going to suffer rejection, humiliation, and loneliness? Women hate me. They reject me. They don't see any value in me. I'll never have a girlfriend, I'll never have children, I'll never have love. Without any hope of becoming rich, no girl will see any value in me. No girl ever has before. It's hopeless. I'm destined to be lonely and unwanted forever, forced to watch other men enjoy women. All because women don't fancy me, even though I'm a nice and beautiful gentleman. I deserve women more than any other man does, and yet women give themselves to other men, but not me. Evil bitches. How dare they treat me this way!

If I can never have the life I want, then the only thing for me to live for is revenge. I will not accept that I have to continue living this lonely life, rejected by women. I will not sit by and let them treat me this way. All women, and the whole world for that matter, must be punished for the injustices I've had to suffer throughout my life.

12/17/2012

I'm going to England again. My mother has been planning a second trip to England for a while now, and she's been talking about it for the last couple of months. I never planned on going along... But recently she told me that we will be traveling on Virgin Atlantic Upper Class. A First Class trip to England? I can't deny that, no matter how lonely and bored I will be when I get there. Hell, I'm lonely and bored everywhere I go anyway... it's better to endure it in luxury. After the horrific way my life has turned out recently, I need a way to help ease the pain and relax. I've agreed to go along with my mother and sister to England.

12/26/2012

I'm writing from my hotel in England right now. I took my diary with me, just in case I feel like writing as I dwell around in my hotel room, which I find to be very comfortable and luxurious, by the way. I'm loving the pork sausage they serve for

breakfast. Sitting in my quiet hotel room in England, far away from my life in America, makes me feel a temporary sensation of peace and escape. It eases my mind, and I can forget about my hellish circumstances for just this short period of time. This is a good time to meditate and contemplate. I will relish in this peace.

The journey here was fabulous. [redacted] Traveling on Upper Class made me feel prestigious and satisfied. In fact, I've never felt so satisfied in my life,.. well, at least I haven't since my life was ruined after puberty. This was the third time in my life that I've traveled on Upper Class. The last two times were with father and Soumaya, back when father was rich. Though I was too little to fully appreciate it back then. For this trip, I tried to enjoy every second of it. I had a lot of wine and shampagne, getting quite drunk in the process. I watched the new Ice Age movie and had a nice sleep on my opulent First Class bed-seat. I look forward to experiencing it again on the trip home, but I dread actually getting there.

12/27/2012

I can't believe it's already been a year since my last trip to England. And here I am once again. This year went by in a blur, and I spent most of it wallowing in my loneliness. It was a year of misery and darkness, with the only light being my hope that I can find a way to become rich so I can live the life I want.

As I sit here in my hotel room in England, the country of my birth, I think about everything that has transpired in my life to lead me up to this point. What is in store for me in the future? Is there any hope now? What can I do? How can I escape this dark path? Money is the only way I can be attractive to girls. Without that, there is nothing to live for. And when I say money, I mean millions... The only way I can get a hot girl to go on a date with me is if I drive a supercar and live in a mansion. Those stuck-up bitches won't even notice me otherwise.

12/28/2012

I am spending this entire vacation sitting in my hotel room or at my grandma's house, brooding. I refuse to go out with my family. There's no point to it. On the last trip, I did go out with them, and I saw lots of couples... especially when we toured around London. It saddened me that I didn't have a girlfriend to experience it with me.

Oh, how lovely would it be to have a girlfriend to take on such a vacation! To share this amazing hotel room with me, to walk around London with me and go sight seeing, to introduce her to my [redacted] grandma's and make them proud! To make love to her on this opulent hotel bed... If only! That's how it should be. But no... girls hate me. They aren't attracted to me. No girl wants to be my girlfriend.

And so here I sit, alone and unwanted, thinking about how my life should have turned out. Everything in my life has turned out to be so twisted and wrong. It's truly amazing how I've been able to endure such torment for so long.

1/5/2013

New Year's Day has passed. It's now 2013. How incredible. My time is ebbing away. The last 8 years of my youth has been wasted away, all because girls don't find me attractive. I will never get back those 8 years. I haven't been allowed to truly live as other men do. The pleasures of sex have been denied [redacted]. to me. How will I ever make up for this? It's 2013 already!

Time keeps passing on, and my life keeps staying miserable and unsatisfying. I can't stand this any longer. There has to be hope. I can't go on living without hope.

1/20/2013

I'm back in Santa Barbara once again. It was a long break, but here I am. The place that was meant to bring me opportunities to change my life for the better, only to enlighten me more on how cruel and [redacted] brutal the world is. Santa Barbara, a place of beauty and romance where I thought I could have a fresh start to live the life I want.

And yet, [redacted] so far it's only been a place where I've suffered even more loneliness and rejection. I'm suffering in an environment where everyone else is experiencing pleasure and fun. The pleasure and fun that I could have had here has been denied to me, because no one wants to be my friend, no girls want to be my [redacted] girlfriend, no girls want to have sex with me. They give their sex and affection to all those undeserving rowdy obnoxious boys, but not to me, leaving me to wallow in my loneliness and unworthiness. It's an absolute injustice! An insult that cannot go unpunished! If I can't have what I desire, then the only thing to live for is to punish those who denied it to me.

1/24/2013

I'm not sure how to go about doing this anymore. The loneliness is draing my life away. No one wants me. No one cares about me. I only signed up for online classes this year. I just can't walk into SBCC anymore, all those good-looking couples walking around makes me too

envious. And yet I don't know how the hell I'll even find the incentive to do these useless online courses. I don't see the point anymore. How can I spend my college life in such a miserable state of loneliness and isolation? This is so unnatural and unhealthy. I should be out there, among other people my age, enjoying life and having sex with hot girls. But I can't, because no one wants me. I hate humanity!

1/25/2013

Every time I go outside I have to see what I'm missing, especially in this college town of Isla Vista. There are beautiful blonde girls everywhere! It's unbearable. They strut around in their short-shorts, showing off their sexy, tanned legs. Every day I have to see what I can't have, and it's torture. Torture! Their very existance mocks me. Life is such a cruel joke. I can't take it anymore. And to see these girls walking around with guys who don't deserve them... That is the ultimate insult. I DESERVE THEM!!! I deserre them so

much more than those depraved, obnoxious jocks I always see them with. I am a supreme gentleman, and yet girls think I am scum. There must be something mentally wrong with them. They are stupid. It's as if they are mentally ill. Girls would have to be mentally ill if they are choosing those stupid guys over me! The way their brains are wired... they are like animals. Cruel, barbaric animals! They should be punished.

1/26/2013

Weekends have always been the worst for me here. Other young people look forward to the weekends because they get to party with all of their friends and have sex with their girlfriends. I don't have any friends to party with nor girlfriends to have sex with. On weekends, I have to sit alone in my room, suffering from the knowledge that everyone else is out there having fun. I always dread the weekends because of this. The worst part of it is that here in Isla Vista I have to listen to them all partying! I can hear parties full of guys and girls shouting and having a good time.

And I just know that some of those guys will be having sex with hot girls on that very night, while I have to sleep all alone and unwanted. HOW DARE THEY! How dare they have so much fun while I suffer! They all think they are better than me. They never invite me to join in on their fun. They deem me unworthy of it. I hate them all so much.

1/27/2013

Having to watch good looking couples walking around in Isla Vista is the worst experience in the world. I see them everywhere. Horrible, tall jocks walking around with their [redacted] hot blonde girlfriends. I feel like such a mouse when I see this. They make me feel so inferior. They get to live their heavenly, pleasure-filled lives while I have to watch them with envy. Those girls would never go for me. They would only treat me like scum. I feel like I'm at the bottom of the food chain. It's the worst feeling in the world. There's nothing I can DO about it. It's all so hopeless. I feel so trapped with no way out! I'm in tears right now.

2/6/2013

I drove to Arizona again. I know it sounds crazy, but I just had to do it. I was feeling so hopeless and desperate. I need something to live for. I NEED HOPE! A few days ago I checked the Powerball and saw that the jackpot had risen high again, so I immediately got in my car and made the long drive to get a ticket, fueled by my burning desire for a better life. I made the journey, there and back, in the span of one day. This time, I bought a ticket that lasts for many consecutive drawings. So far, I haven't won yet, but I'm hoping that this ticket will be [redacted] THE ONE. I needed this. I just couldn't go on anymore without hope. To be wealthy is the only way I can live a satisfying life, and I must become wealthy NOW!

2/7/2013

I keep fantasizing about being wealthy; the kinds of things I will do, the pleasures I will have. I picture a whole life for myself. Once I am wealthy, girls will finally see me as a worthy boyfriend. I will be able to

attract the girl of my dreams. I just know it! I NEED to win this Lottery. How else would I get rich? I need money to make money. If there is any justice in this world, I WILL win this. I deserve it more than anyone else. Being a person of wealth is what I am meant to be. Having great wealth, and the luxurious life it would provide for me forever, is the ONLY way to make up for the lonely and miserable life I've been forced to suffer. It's the only way I will ever be satisfied. If there's no way for me to become wealthy, then I don't want to live in this world anymore. I refuse to remain at the bottom of the social ladder.

Rising to wealth will also be the perfect way to have revenge on everyone who has insulted and rejected me, because I will be rising above them all. I can look down upon them from above, just like they did to me. I can be satisfied with that. Ah... To be satisfied with my life... That is what I long for. Once I am satisfied with my life, I will finally be at peace, and I can enjoy life to its fullest,

just like I did when I was a child with nothing to worry about. Oh, how I miss those days!

I haven't been happy for a long time, and it has caused me to die a little inside. When I think about a time, far into my past, when I actually was happy, I am filled with longing. I want my life back!

I went to Starbucks earlier, and while I was there I saw a blonde girl who was so beautiful I just had to leave and sulk to myself. The feelings of desire were too strong to handle. I couldn't believe how such a beautiful girl exists. She had cascading blonde hair; a tall, thin, sexy body; and smooth, tanned skin. She was wearing short-shorts that revealed her perfect long legs. Her face was so beautiful that I just wanted to die. That is the kind of girl who should be my girlfriend. I don't want to think about the kinds of guys who have had the heavenly opportunity to make love to her. Just thinking about that will fill me with anguish. Hell, just by looking at such a blonde beauty fills me with anguish. I feel unworthy of her, and it's true.

at the moment. As I am right now, I am invisible to her. She would deem me unworthy even to speak to. But if I become [redacted] wealthy, I may have a chance. I'll finally be worthy. Wealth is the only way. This is a life and death struggle.

4/3/2013

I am still here. I am still languishing in this bleak little room of mine, in the town of Isla Vista, with nothing to live for. I am still an unwanted virgin who is deemed as worthless by the female gender. I am STILL in the same damnable place!

I drove to Arizona two more times last month to buy Powerball tickets. That makes a total of four desperate trips to Arizona in an attempt to become a millionaire. That is insane... But I had to. Drastic circumstances require drastic measures. Becoming a millionaire is my ONLY way out of this lonely life of celibacy, and winning the Lottery is the ONLY way I can become a millionaire at my age. It was my only hope, and that hope has once again been

shattered to pieces.

I should have only had to make ONE trip, and that trip should have been the one where I bought the winning ticket. But the ticket DIDN'T WIN! I kept losing and losing, so I kept going back. I have been losing at everything all my life. Winning this would have made up for it. It would have made up for EVERYTHING!!! But I didn't win...

The Powerball Lottery is coming to California soon, so I no longer have to drive to Arizona for it. But does that even matter anymore? I'm never going to win, am I? For the last year, I have tricked myself countless times into believing I would win, just so I could have a sense of hope, a sense of knowing that there is a possible way out of my misery in the future. Enough is enough. I can't waste any more time and energy. There is no way out. It is a painful and torturous fact that I must accept. Humanity has condemned me to suffer this loneliness and misery forever. [redacted] Knowing this, the only thing I can now do is strike back. Revenge is all I have to live for.

4/11/2013

It is so unfair that I have to suffer this virginity every single day while other guys my age get to have sex with girls. For so long I've believed that I have to be a millionaire in order to attract the girls I desire, and it's true, obviously, because no girls are going for me right now. But WHY? Why must it be this way? Why can't girls see the worth in me as a person? I deeply envy and hate all of those guys who are able to attract girls with ease, without having to buy them. They should all be punished for being able to live such pleasurable lives while I suffer. But do you know who deserves to be punished even more? The girls themselves. It's all girl's fault. They choose to be with those other boys instead of me. I am a magnificent gentleman, and I deserve their love, but they deny it to me! That is a crime and it must be punished! I am a virgin because girls deny me sex. They treat me like scum. They think I'm not good enough. How dare they! I will punish them!

4/12/2013

Every single couple I see fills me with rage. I cannot go out without seeing a young couple walking arm in arm together. I hate all women for denying me such an experience. No girl wants to be my girlfriend. I can't go on living this way. This is no way to live. I realized this long ago! I tried to find solace by hoping I could become wealthy enough to attract girls, but now it seems as if that's impossible. I will NOT spend my life suffering a lonely virgin while other men to enjoy the pleasures of sex love. No, no, NO!

I have been insulted and rejected many times, and I have had h! If I have nothing to live the future, then all I have the prospect of getting revenge. make humanity suffer the pain ny that everyone has caused y life. I will make all ffer for denying me sex I will have my vengeance, have to die in the would rather die than onely life anyway.

4/22/2013

Yesterday I met up with Philip and Addison. I haven't seen them for over a year. It was nice to catch up with them... and to actually do something social for a change. The loneliness I experience in Santa Barbara is so stifling, which is why I've been visiting home a lot lately.

I went to Philip's house to meet them. Going to that place always brings back memories of my childhood. Philip has been my friend since elementary school, and I played at his house a lot as a kid. When I entered his home, I took a moment to wal around and reminisce. I said hell to Philip's mother, Kathy, who [redacted] complimented my looks, saying that I looked "handsome". This made m feel a bit better about myself, that good feeling evaporated we went to Santa Monica la the night and I had to all of the couples walkin

The three of us set o my car - I took my fa SUV, which I have been lot lately - and we wer

Monica to have dinner at a restaurant called The BOA Steakhouse. When we drove through Santa Monica, I became increasingly enraged at all of the hot young couples I saw walking in the streets, though I tried to hide my rage from Philip and Addison. It was too much, those couples are a reminder of how insignificant my life is. Those men were living the life, walking the streets of Santa Monica with their hot blonde girlfriends. I wanted to kill them, and I would if I could. I wanted to run them over with the SUV. That would be so sweet, to get revenge in such a fashion. Perhaps I will one day. I may come to that. They deserve it. They all deserve to die a horrible, painful death. Especially the girls! How dare those girls choose those obnoxious guys instead of me! How could they! One day I will punish them for their crimes.

Every single day I ponder over the question: Why do women hate me so much? All my life I have never been nice and

polite to them. I deserve their love, their adoration, their sex... And yet they deny it to me! They adore the obnoxious jocks, and they treat me like I'm an invisible little mouse.

They starved me of sex. They starved me of a joyful life. They literally denied me my youth. I'm turning 22 in a few months. I've had to suffer this virginity for too long. I am getting old now, and I've lived a wasted, unsatisfying life. It's all women's fault. If only they were attracted to me... the life I could have had... That life never existed. It's too late now. I will never be able to look back on my past and feel satisfied about the happy memories I've had. There ar no happy memories! At least not the last eight years. Ever since I hit puberty, women have tortu me by denying me sex. The thing I can do now is exac against all those who depriv a happy life. It will be way I can prove my the world.

4/28/2013

Women are flawed. There is something extremely wrong with the way their brains are wired. Women are creatures who are incapable of thinking rationally. They are incapable of reason. They are completely controlled by their vile emotional and sexual impulses. They think like beasts. They ARE beasts. This is why they are sexually attracted to beast-like men rather than supreme intelligent gentlemen like myself.

If women continue to have the right to choose who they mate and breed with, they will continue to mate with degenerate men and produce stupid, degenerate offspring. This would only hinder the advancement of the human race. The evil and wickedness of women must be contained in order to ensure a decent and bright future for the generations to come. Women don't deserve any rights. They are vile, barbaric animals and they need to be treated as such. Women must be quarantined like the plague they are, so that they can no longer torture decent men like myself, and

so that they can be used in a manner that actually benefits a civilized society.

This is the conclusion I have come to after having to endure a life of starvation, rejection, and torment at the hands of women. They have starved me of sex and love all my life, while they tantalize me everyday by walking around in their skimpy, revealing clothing. I have had enough of this injustice! They think they can [redacted] torture me [redacted] and get away with it. I will punish them all.

4/29/2013

I don't understand how women are so twisted, evil, and barbaric. I've only ever wanted to love them, but their foul behavior towards me has only earned my hatred. It is so tragic that it has to come to this. I would love women, if only they loved me. I want to have sex with them and make them feel good, but they never gave me the chance. They consider me unworthy of their love and affection. Women's rejection of me is a declaration of

war. If it's war they want, then I will give them a war their stupid little minds will never forget. If they won't accept me as a lover, then I am their enemy. I will show them no mercy. They certainly didn't show me any mercy. It's only fair.

5/18/2013

I can't go out without seeing young couples everywhere. Even going grocery shopping is torture. I remain trapped in my room as much as I can because I hate having to show the world what a lonely virgin I am. When I went shopping at Trader Joe's the other day, I saw so many guys shopping with their girlfriends. And there I was, shopping alone. The world sees those guys with girlfriends as better than me because I'm all alone, without anyone. My loneliness shows the world that girls think I'm worthless. I've had to suffer this for so long. Every time I go out I am insulted by the sight of young couples walking together.

5/20/2013

I hate all women for not being attracted to me. I hate all women for depriving me of sex. I hate all women for depriving me of a happy, enjoyable youth. I wasted my whole youth in miserable loneliness, and it's all women's fault! They starved me of love and sex! They give it to other guys, but not me! It's not fair!

I don't know why women are so repulsed by me. I've done nothing wrong in my life. I am a magnificent, supreme gentleman. I am Elliot Rodger.

If I cannot have women, then I will destroy them. It's the only option for me now. I'm not going to just sit by and suffer this bleak loneliness while other males get to enjoy all of the beautiful women, just because beautiful women consider me unworthy of it. I AM WORTHY! How dare they consider me otherwise! I am powerful. I will destroy them all, and in doing so I will show them my true worth.

6/3/2013

For a very long time, I have fantasized about exacting revenge on women and all of my enemies in the most devastating way possible. I have envisioned scenarios of how sweet and just it would be to kill every single young couple at my college, or in Isla Vista. I knew that I would have to plan something like this if I no longer have any hope for a happy life, if society continues to treat me like scum, if women continue to reject me... I would have no choice but to exact revenge. I gave everyone chance after chance to redeem themselves in my eyes, but the world has only continued to be cruel to me. If I can't join them, I will rise above them, and if I can't rise above them, then I will destroy them.

My hope that I could "join" them was shattered after I experienced all of that rejection and ostracization during my first year in Santa Barbara, and my hope that I could "rise above" them was shattered after I realized that there was no way I could become wealthy at a young age. The only

thing I can do now is destroy them. It's all I have to live for now. I will destroy them all.

The day that I will commit this glorious act will be called The Day of Retribution. I came up with this name a couple of years ago, when I first started fantasizing about it. On this Day of Retribution, I will exact my perfect and beautiful revenge on all of my enemies; on all of the popular kids for looking down on me and never accepting me; on all of the obnoxious, undeserving men who get to enjoy pleasurable sex lives with girls; and especially on all of the girls themselves for rejecting me, starving me of love and sex, and denying me a pleasurable youth. All of the suffering they have caused me, I will return to them one-thousand fold!

6/5/2013

I have already purchased my weapons. Back in December of last year, it fully dawned on me that the possibility of having to carry out the Day of Retribution was very real, so I bought my first handgun, a

Glock 34 9mm semi-automatic pistol. In March, I bought my second handgun, a more efficient one called the Sig Sauer P226. Both of them were very expensive, and the magazine clips will be even more expensive since I'll have to buy a lot of them. Thankfully, I had been saving up money over the years just in case something drastic like this would have to happen. I didn't write about this before, because I was scared someone might find and read my diary. Since the Day of Retribution may be happening soon, perhaps even this year, I figure I'll write it down now.

I am now armed, and it makes me feel powerful. I am meant to be powerful. I will slaughter all of my enemies like the animals they are. I will be a god compared to them. It will be beautiful, glorious!

I have to decide if I should attack SBCC or Isla Vista. I have been rejected and humiliated at both places, but I can't destroy them both. Once I begin my Retribution, I will only have minutes before I am confronted by the damnable police, and then I'll have to kill myself to avoid capture.

This is all happening so fast. I can't believe it has to resort to this. I can't believe I'm writing this! I'm starting to feel sick with anguish right now. Why do things have to be this way?

6/6/2013

I have concluded that the Day of Retribution will be some time during November of this year... I haven't set a date for it yet. I have often thought about doing it in Isla Vista on Halloween of this year, since that is when a lot of parties will be happening at once... and the streets will be crowded with my enemies. But there will be too many cops on Halloween. It's too risky.

This gives me about five months to plan and prepare. Five months can be a long time, if I make use of it. I'm thinking about buying a third handgun, just in case my other two get jammed.

6/7/2013

I will destroy Isla Vista, and every single person in it. My choice has been made. The Day of Retribution

will have to occur in Isla Vista, on a Friday or Saturday night. SBCC was a good choice... there are lots of young couples walking around there... but Isla Vista has more. The goal is to kill popular, attractive people, and Isla Vista is always flooded with them on weekend nights. Yes... I will kill all of those popular, attractive, good looking people I envy so much. They think they are better than me. They think I'm unworthy of being one of them. On the Day of [redacted] Retribution, we shall see who is better. I will show them all that I, Elliot Rodger, am the superior one! All of those beautiful girls who laughed at me and rejected me... They will be running in fear as I slay them left and right.

6/8/2013

I have been doing a lot of thinking about how my life is turning out lately. It's so hard to believe that it has to resort to this. The world has given me no choice. I have been insulted and tortured too much! I will be 22 soon, and I'm still a virgin. I started desiring girls when I hit puberty at the

age of 14. That is eight years of sexual starvation. EIGHT YEARS of torture! Girls have never shown any attraction towards me. They starved me of love and sex. Not one girl in this whole world has ever wanted to be my girlfriend. Don't you see how unfair this is?

The entire female gender must have something mentally wrong with them, to be so evil and cruel to me by starving me of love and sex while they eagerly give it to other men. I deserve it too! In their barbaric stupidity, women don't see the worth in me. They are all mentally ill. They must all be punished, and I will be the one to punish them.

If I were a dictator with absolute power, I would take great pleasure and satisfaction in imprisoning every single female on earth and condemn them to starve to death. I would have a tower built for myself, where I can oversee the mega concentration camp and gleefully watch them starve and die. A few women would be spared for the sake of reproduction, of course, but they would be strictly quarantined in secret labs. That is the only way to make life on this

world fair; To eliminate the very thing that makes it unfair. If I can't have sex, no one will! Sex is unfair, because some men get to enjoy it while other men, like me, are starved of it. Sex should not exist! Women should not exist! If I can't have them, I will destroy them!

Of course, I realized long ago that the possibility of me ever rising to that level of power in my lifetime is very, very slim. It is virtually impossible, considering the state of the world today. Knowing this, I would have to just make do with the swift and devastating act of vengeance, the Day of Retribution. On that day, I will shake the very foundations of the world with the power of my burning hatred.

6/10/2013

After all of my most recent revelations, I've been feeling so trapped. It is so tragic how my life has fallen to such darkness. It is finally reaching its culmination, and I feel very overwhelmed and anxious. My life started out so bright and blissful. How could it all have come to this? The cruelty of the world made me the way I am. I have no choice but to go down

this dark path. There is no other way. I'm going to be 22 soon. It's too late for me now. I feel so trapped and lost.

6/12/2013

I want a way out. I wish there was a way out! Yesterday I went on a walk through the center of Isla Vista during the daytime. Since it's summer now, the town is more relaxed. I saw so many young people walking around in groups, enjoying their happy lives. I saw guys enjoying the company of attractive girls, sitting outside all of the cafe's and bars, talking and laughing with each other. I saw people living the life I've always wanted, but missed out on. It's all their fault, because they would never accept me among them. They think I'm weird and unworthy. That is why I have to get revenge on them.

Why do they get to live such pleasurable lives while I have to suffer? Why don't they accept me? Why won't girls just give me a chance to show my worth? Why does it have to be this way? I don't want it to turn out this way. I don't want it to

have to resort to such brutal, violent conflict. They give me no choice, you see. If only those popular kids accepted me among them, if only girls were attracted to me, then none of this would have to happen. I wouldn't even consider the Day of Retribution if just one pretty girl showed a hint of attraction towards me. It's all so sad and tragic. I really, really wish there was a way out.

When I see all those popular kids having fun around Isla Vista, some of the boys were worse-looking than me. How is it that they are accepted, and I'm not? I am beautiful and gorgeous. Girls should adore me! I don't know why they are so repulsed by me. This is why I think women are mentally ill. Here I am, the perfect, beautiful, supreme gentleman, and yet I have to suffer as a lonely outcast while watching obnoxious, undeserving boys enjoy all of the pretty girls. It's all so twisted and unfair!

6/16/2013

Today I celebrated Father's Day with my family at the Four Seasons in Westlake Village. There was an exquisite buffet set

up, and I took pleasure in eating as much luxury food as I could. The place was so beautiful, and the food was so delicious. I filled my plate three times and devoured it all, washing it down with a glass of Chardonnay. Experiences like this make me [redacted] realize that there are so many good things in this world to be enjoyed. I could truly enjoy life on this world, if only my circumstances were happier. If only I was satisfied with the way my life is going. If only girls were attracted to me, so I could feel a sense of self worth.

Perhaps I should give the world another chance. I still have many months left. I don't want to have to [redacted] resort to violent, final retribution. I want a happy life!

8/5/2013

AAARGH!!! I sit here in defeat, and I am fuming with rage. My leg is broken, and I went through surgery a few days ago. Right now, I am sitting in a hotel in Woodland Hills, recovering from this brutal injury because my mother and sister went on vacation and my bitch of a stepmother won't let me stay at father's house. Oh well,

I always liked staying in hotels anyways.

I have been defeated. It all happened so fast. I was so desperate to meet girls, so desperate to lose my virginity, that I walked into a party in Isla Vista while drunk. I was wearing my best clothes and my golden necklace. When I saw that some pretty girls at the party were talking to a group of guys who looked like obnoxious slobs, I became so enraged! NO GIRLS WERE PAYING ATTENTION TO ME!!! I went up to that group of obnoxious guys and, in my drunken rage, acted cocky and arrogant to them. I tried to insult them as harshly as possible, and they all attacked me! They pushed me off of the 10-foot ledge we were standing on, and I fell and broke my leg. Before I fell, I tried to push as many of them off as possible, but I failed in doing so. I also tried to push the girls off too. They deserve it for not paying attention to me!

After I broke my leg, I tried to stumble home, but I was attacked again by another group of obnoxious guys, and they stole my golden necklace!

My grandmother gave me that necklace! How dare they! Damn them! Damn this whole world!

I sit here now, recovering from surgery in this hotel, my leg burning with pain. The pain in my leg is nothing compared to the agony burning in my heart. The worst part of that night wasn't breaking my leg or getting beaten up... Oh no. The worst part of it was that no girl in Isla Vista showed any concern for me as I painfully stumbled home with a shattered leg and a bruised face and body. If girls were attracted to me, they would have helped me, [redacted] they would have offered to walk me home and take care of me, they would have offered to sleep with me... But no. No girls showed a hint of concern. No one cared a wit for me. I was all alone, just like I had been all my life.

That was the final straw. I actually gave everyone one last chance to accept me, and I was still treated with hostility. I went out to a party in Isla Vista to try and meet girls and possibly lose my virginity, and I ended up beaten, crippled, and humiliated.

I will punish them all for this. I will punish them for EVERYTHING. I will make them all suffer! That was the final straw. I've had it with this world! I will have my revenge. The Day of Retribution will come!

10/20/2013

My leg has fully healed now, and it feels a lot better to walk normally again. I haven't written in this diary for quite some time. I've been too preoccupied with things.

My mother has recently agreed to provide me with a much better car to drive in Santa Barbara. I now drive a BMW coupe. I always wanted this, ever since I found out that there was a car hierarchy and that some kids at my college drove around in nice cars like BMW's and Mercedes's. Now, I am one of them, and it certainly boosts my self-esteem every time I go out. I'm hoping that since I now have a cooler car than most kids at my college, I'd have a chance of attracting a girlfriend.

The setback I experienced from my broken leg and the depression it caused me meant that I had to abandon my

plan for the Day of Retribution in November. Hell, it's already going to be November soon. I can't believe how fast time has flown. Too fast. If I have to resort to my final solution of carrying out the Day of Retribution, it would have to be next Spring.

12/27/2013

It's winter break right now, and I'm staying by myself at my mother's house while my mother, my sister, and my sister's boyfriend went on a vacation to England. I decided not to go with them this year, especially since my sister took her boyfriend with her. Yes, my sister has a boyfriend. His name is Sam, and I hate and despise him intensely. He's the kind of guy who can easily get a girlfriend, and he had a pretty girlfriend before he started dating my sister. She showed me pictures. I hate and envy him so much. The scumbag doesn't even have a car, and yet he's had lots of girlfriends. I drive a BMW and I still haven't gotten a girlfriend at age 22!

I actually had hope that at least one pretty girl would have shown interest in me by now, especially now that I drive

a good-looking BMW. For the last two months, I've been going out every day, trying to find a chance to meet a girl. When I drove around Isla Vista, I saw guys with inferior cars having hot girls in their passenger seats. I drive a BMW, and I've never had any hot girl sit in my passenger seat! It makes me so enraged!

There really is no hope for me, is there? I'm still having trouble with coming to terms with that. My life is so hopeless.

2/14/2014

It is now Valentine's Day of 2014. A few months ago I actually considered planning the Day of Retribution to be on this day. It is my most hated day of the year, the day all young couples, [redacted] my enemies, get to celebrate their happiness. What better day to exact my Retribution on such people? Or should I say animals. They are animals, and I am a god compared to them.

My entire being has seethed and festered with hatred for too long. I have given the world chance after chance to enable me to have a happy, pleasurable life of love and sex, but

the world has continued to be cruel to me. I didn't expect I would last this long. I should have carried out my Retribution last November, but I kept clinging to hope. I wanted something to live for, but that hope has been shattered too many times. I can never forgive humanity for rejecting and mistreating me. I can never forgive the female gender for starving me of love and sex. I have nothing to live for now. Nothing to live for but revenge. My revenge will be so sweet. It will be perfect, beautiful, glorious!

5/5/2014
It has been a very long time since I've written in this diary.

5/23/2014
I had to tear some pages out because I feared my intentions would be discovered. I taped them back together as fast as I could

This is it. In one hour I will have my revenge on this cruel world.

I HATE YOU ALLLL! DIE